

822
W183
186

No. CLXXXIII.

FRENCH' STANDARD DRAMA.

THE
WANDERING BOYS,

OR,

THE CASTLE OF OLIVAL.

A Drama, in Two Acts.

BY ANON.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
TORONTO:
SAMUEL FRENCH
R. B. BUTLAND, PUBLISHER,
NO. 122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)
PRICE, 37 King Street West. 12½ CENTS.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

The person charging this material is responsible for its renewal or return to the library on or before the due date. The minimum fee for a lost item is **\$125.00**, **\$300.00** for bound journals.

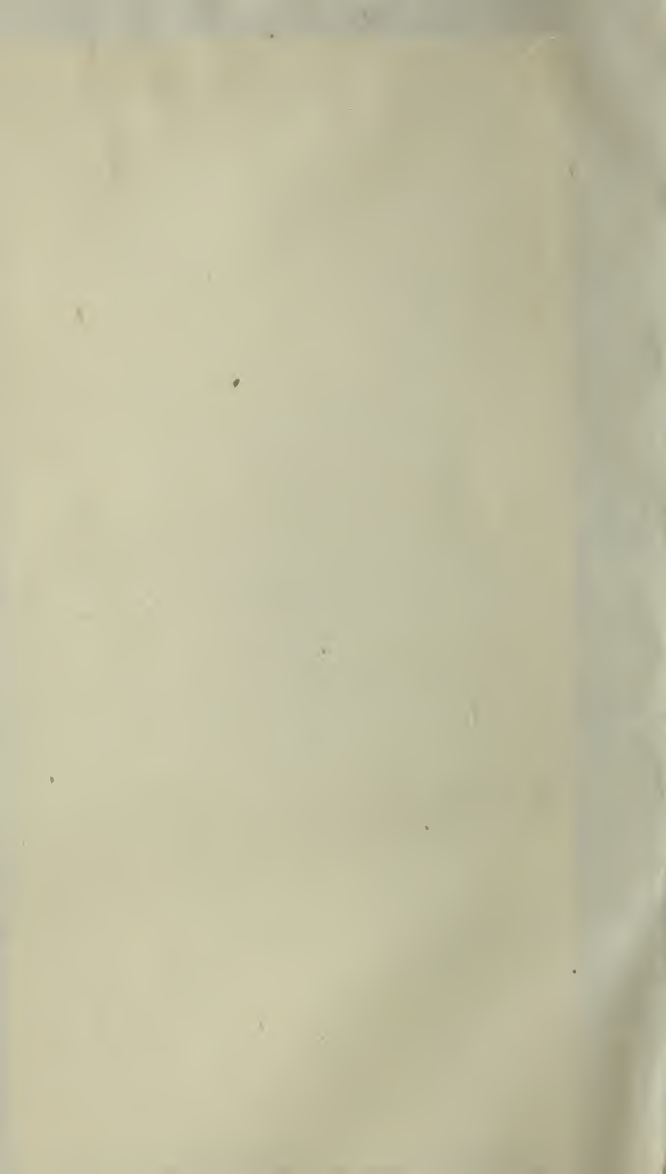
Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University. *Please note: self-stick notes may result in torn pages and lift some inks.*

Renew via the Telephone Center at 217-333-8400, 846-262-1510 (toll-free) or circlib@uiuc.edu.

Renew online by choosing the **My Account** option at: <http://www.library.uiuc.edu/catalog/>

APR 26 2006

NOV 23 2010







FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CLXXXIII.



THE

WANDERING BOYS;

OR,

THE CASTLE OF OLIVAL.

A Drama, in Two Acts.

BY ANON.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters---Entrances and Exits-
Relative Position of the Performers on the Stage, and the
whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.



NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHAMPAIGN

LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[THE WANDERING BOYS.]

	<i>National, Boston, 1849.</i>	<i>Walnut Street, Philadelphia.</i>	<i>Bowery, 18—.</i>	<i>Bowery, 18—.</i>
COUNT, -	Mr. Joseph Proctor.	Mr. Fredricks.	Mr. R. Johnstone.	Mr. R. Johnstone.
PAUL, -	Mrs. Stone.	Miss Kinlock.	Mrs. E. Eddy.	Miss S. Dennin.
JESTIN, -	" Sprague.	" G. Kinlock.	" C. T. Smith.	" K. Dennin.
HUBERT, -	Mr. Sprague.	Mr. Collins.	Mr. Lingard.	Mr. J. Moore.
GREGOIRE, -	" Nourse.	" Johnson.	" Heartwell.	" Lamb.
LUBIN, -	" Salmon.	" Hadaway.	" C. T. Smith.	" J. Winans.
ROLAND, -	" Ward.	" Isherwood.	" Haviland.	" Collins.
GASPARD, -	" Allen.	" Young.	—	Miss Reed.
SENTINEL,	" Wall.	" Smith.	" Allen.	—
BARONESS, -	Mrs. Bannister.	Mrs. Charles.	Miss Flynn.	Mrs. H. Jordan.
LOUISE, -	Miss Williams.	" Muzzy.	" Keough.	—
MARCELINE,	Mrs. Reid.	" Kinlock.	Mrs. Archbold.	—

822
W183
186-

Costume.—[THE WANDERING BOYS.]

COUNT.—Large black shirt—slouched hat—white wig,
&c. *Second dress* :—Handsome shirt—hat, feathers,
&c.

ROLAND.—Dark velvet shirt.

GREGOIRE.—Handsome velvet shirt—hat and feathers
—cloak.

HUBERT.—Old man's peasant shape.

LUBIN.—Neat peasant's shape.

JUSTIN AND PAUL.—Neat brown tunics, trimmed—
plain brown tights—shoes—caps.

GASPARD.—Plain shirt—tunic, &c.

BARONESS.—Dark velvet train.

LOUISE.—Neat peasant's skirt and bodice.

MARCELINE.—Ibid, old woman's.

THE WANDERING BOYS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Hamlet of Olival, in Provence.—A Rustic Bridge across the back, from R. to L.—Hubert's Cottage, R. S. E.—Marceline's Cottage, L. S. E.—A Landscape, and the Castle of Olival in the distance.*

MUSIC.—*Enter HUBERT, from the cottage, R. S. E.*

Hub. (c.) Broad morning, and not a soul to be seen, when our yearly feast is to be celebrated, and a wedding into the bargain! 'Tis a shame that such an old fellow as I should be first stirring; but of all the lazy spots in France, this village of Olival is the laziest. Holloa!—Marceline—Marceline!

Enter MARCELINE, from the cottage, L. S. E.

Hub. Well, goody, is your daughter, the bride, getting ready for church?

Mar. (L. c.) She has been dress'd this half-hour, neighbour; I helped her, and thanks to my taste, she does look so genteel! Ah, Hubert! can't you remember me on my wedding-day?

Hub. Why, yes; I have a monstrous long memory.

Mar. My Louise, my last chick of fourteen, is as like what I was on that very day, which is now a good five-and-twenty years ago.

Hub. Five-and-thirty, short measure: you know, dame, I never compliment.

Mar. That you do not, indeed. But I was so playful, then, that they called me the young kitten.

Hub. And now they call you the old tabby.

Mar. Old tabby, indeed! Such rudeness—and plump to my face: let me tell you, I have not been used to—

Hub. Then it must be some time, dame, since you laid by your looking-glass. Come, come, my ancient neighbour, the hey-day is over with you and me; the winter

of life may, and perhaps should, be cheerful ; but when old folks pretend to be young, they provoke derision instead of commanding respect.

Mar. Well, well—you are monstrous blunt, neighbour Hubert. But where's your nephew, the bridegroom ?

Hub. A slug-a-bed ! not out of his nest yet. I fancy ; but I'll rouse him with a vengeance. [*Calling.*] Lubin ! Holloa ! Lubin !

Lub. [*Thrusting his head from an upper window in Hubert's cottage.*] Well, here's Lubin. Lawk, uncle, how you do bawl. I ben't deaf, nor dead neither.

Mar. Poor lad ! he has been dreaming of his happiness.

Hub. Ay, trying to snort through a nose too short for a snore. What have you been about all this time, sirrah ?

Lub. Titivating myself, to be sure, nunkey, to look pretty, you know, when I'm going to be married.

Mar. Come, be quick, Lubin ; the morning wears.

Lub. Now dontee, mother-in-law, that is to be—dontee flurry me, when I'm going to plight my vows. I shan't be long now, but it takes me a deal of time to make myself killing. [*Retires.*]

Hub. Oh, you're a killing youth.

Mar. I hope he'll be ready soon, for often as our village feast comes round, never did it promise to be so joyous a day.

Hub. Ah, dame, it has lost all joy with me since the death of our noble benefactor, who founded the hamlet and annexed to it a charity for orphans—dead we may naturally suppose he is, from his long absence. He was the kindest-hearted nobleman——

Mar. The Count de Croissy, truly, was an angel of a master, but our present lady, his niece——

Hub. Is a devil in petticoats ; a disgrace to the noble house of De Croissy.

Mar. You always will be suspecting and suspecting, and you have such a bad opinion of our poor sex. Fie, Hubert—you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Hub. Look ye, Marceline, you provoke me to tell you more of my thoughts than I ever trusted you with before. Didn't her uncle, the Count de Croissy, marry the Lady Adeline ? Didn't two boys bless their union ?

Mar. True ; and what then ?

Hub. What then ! Why the marriage and the offspring

crushed this niece's only hopes of inheritance: three years after his union the count sailed on business of importance to Sicily, and has not since been heard of.—Shortly after his departure a fire broke out in the castle at midnight——

Mar. Ay, by accident.

Hub. Yes, by accident it broke forth in two distant apartments at the same time; both, too, in that wing of the building, and under the very room, where Lady Adeline and her poor innocents slept: they perished—it makes my heart bleed to mention it—they perished in the flames. The niece escaped, Providence can tell how, and is now in possession of the domains.

Mar. Why not rather suspect the steward, the down-looking, smooth-spoken, Mr. Roland: I'm sure he's a hypocrite, though now, they say, she trusts him with the arrangement of all her affairs.

Hub. Why, he's wicked enough to perpetrate any act; yet, he could have no motive to have done the hellish deed.

Mar. But I have heard it whispered that the children were saved, and conveyed secretly away, by my lord's old butler, Babtiste.

Hub. That can hardly be, Marceline, for the boys would be old enough now to come forward and claim their inheritance.

Mar. But if my lady baroness don't think them dead, why does she make such searches for them?

Hub. That circumstance puzzles me; yet, if they have escaped her designs, her order, to have all the children who come into the village, that may appear to be of the same age as the orphans, seized and conveyed to her presence, is a convincing proof of her criminality, and—

Enter LUBIN, from Hubert's cottage, R.S.E., admiring himself.

Lub. (c.) Here I am, at last! A pretty dress, ar'nt it? I'm quite ready.

Hub. And you have been two hours making yourself such an ape?

Lub. An ape! Some folks would have been longer about it, and not looked like some folks after all, had they met with such a disaster.

Hub. What disaster?

Lub. Why, nunkey, I took up a tub of water to make use of for a looking-glass; and, had I been looking into

it, all would have been right; but turning to look for my collar, I happened to step a pace or two backwards, and souse I came into the tub, and I have since had to wring out my clothes.

Mar. Well, Lubin, the happy day that all you impetuous young men are sighing for, is come at last.

Lub. Yes, it's come. Oh, lack! only do just put your hand on my heart, and feel how it goes bobbity, bobbity—thump, thump, thump. But where's my Louise, the bride that is to be, my little luck-a-daisy?

Hub. Don't talk like a blockhead.

Lub. Lauk, nunkey, don't snub me; every body talks just as I do, till the end of the honeymoon.

Mar. Lubin, your Louise is waiting for you.

Lub. Is she so? then her Lubin flies. [Going.]

Hub. [Detaining him.] No, her Lubin don't fly yet: stay where you are, you wild boar. Are not all the inhabitants of the hamlet to be assembled, before you proceed to the bride, according to form, on the feast day?

Mar. Yes, indeed, and they are to accompany you to her house; so, stay where you are, child.

Lub. Child! that's what nunkey always calls me!

Hub. You and I, dame, have some business yet to settle with the notary, relative to this marriage; on our return the feast may begin. Lubin, be sure you don't stir till we come back. Come, Marceline.

Mar. Have with you, neighbour. [Exeunt, R.]

Lub. [Musing.] Nunkey's grumpy; he's always in the same strain. Now they're gone, I'll stand here no longer. I'll call Louise. [Approaching Marceline's cottage.] Miss, Miss, Miss! Lauk! how the wind whistles down one's throat through the key-hole. Miss Louise! Miss Louise! Mrs. Lubin, that is to be! There, I think she heard that. I'll not be snubbed by nunkey after I'm married; he ha'nt a right; I'm a man, and that's a lord of the creation.

Enter LOUISE, from Marceline's cottage, L. 3. E.

Louise. Dear me, didn't somebody call?

Lub. Only little I, dear me. Oh, Miss Louise! how tasty you do look!

Louise. (L. c.) And I declare, Lubin, you are so dizen'd out, so gay.

Lub. (c.) Ben't it a nice dress to be married in? I thought you'd admire it. If the coat-sleeves did but come

near my wrists, and the waistcoat didn't come so near my knees, I shouldn't mind the pinching under the arms a fig. Well, and how did you sleep last night?

Louise. Very ill indeed, Lubin.

Lub. Did you? Why, what was you thinking about?

Louise. Of the fine clothes I was to put on this morning, to be sure.

Lub. All for me, your own Lubin. Well, now, I slept like a peg-top; but then, I dreamed a dream, a kind of vision like. Guess what it was all about.

Louise. Dear—how should I tell?

Lub. It was all about myself and you. I thought you was Venus, come to the foot of my bed, with a pigeon on your fore-finger, and that it said to me, out of its own little beak, "Lovely youth, Venus adores you,"—just as plain as a poll-parrot.

Louise. I, Venus! Nay, now, Lubin, I know you are flattering me.

Lub. It's as true as husbands go to heaven. [*Goes into the cottage, R. S. E., and brings out a nosegay.*] Look what a flashy nosegay I've brought you for the wedding—bachelors' buttons all round, with a sunflower in the middle.

Louise. [*Taking the nosegay, and smelling it.*] Prodigious handsome indeed.

Lub. You needn't sniff; it's all for beauty, and there's no smell.

Hub. [*Without, R.*] Now, dame——

Lub. There's nunkey come back with your mother: run, or by gosh we shall catch it.

[*Exit Louise into the cottage, L. S. E. — Lubin places himself in the same posture he was in when Hubert and Marceline left him.*]

Re-enter HUBERT and MARCELINE, R.

Mar. So, having arranged the settlement with the notary, the lads and lasses of the village may assemble as soon as they please.

Hub. [*To Marceline.*] Only look at this great calf. [*To Lubin.*] What are you about there, eh?

Lub. What am I about? Why standing stock still, as you bid me.

Hub. But I didn't bid you stand like a post.

Mar. Nay, now, Hubert, you are too cross with poor Lubin: he's a good lad——

Lub. That's what I am—a very good one : you won't see such another in a hurry.

Mar. And though his head may want a little finishing, who knows what marriage may do to improve it?

[*Rustic music heard without.*]

Hub. Our neighbours have arrived. Dame, bring out the bride to the door, whilst I stand with the bridegroom at mine, to receive them, as is customary on the feast-day.

[*MUSIC.—Hubert and Lubin stand at the cottage-door, R. S. E. and Marceline and Louise, L. S. E.—The Villagers cross the bridge, from R. to L.*]

Enter PEASANTS, L. U. E. from the bridge, dressed for the festival—they dance around, presenting nose-gays to the bride—Hubert welcomes them.

Hub. (C.) [Producing a written document.] And now, my friends, according to annual custom, I am to read to you the heads of the bounty annexed to our anniversary, as settled twenty years since by the founder of the festival, our dear long-lost lord, the Count de Croissy. [*Reads.*] “If, on the day of the feast, any orphan, or two orphans, not exceeding the age of sixteen, should arrive as strangers in Olival, they shall, if found worthy, be adopted and provided for ; and in case of the future absence, or death, of the Lord de Croissy, funds are vested, in trust, in the hands of Hubert Claude Mauris de Annecy—

Lub. [*Going up to Hubert.*] That's yourself, don't you know, nunkey?

Hub. Be silent, fool. [*Reads.*] “and the said Hubert is to decide whether the strange orphans be worthy of the provision.” Such is the charter. Now, away to church, and then to the olive-field for feasting and dancing.

[*MUSIC.—Hubert takes the hand of Marceline, Lubin that of Louise—the villagers following—as they are proceeding, Paul and Justin appear on the bridge, crossing from R. to L.*]

Jus. [*On the bridge.*] Indeed ! I—I—I never was so ill treated.

Enter PAUL and JUSTIN, L. U. E., attired as Swiss cottagers, Paul bearing a bundle, slung by a stick over his shoulder—the marriage procession stops.

Paul. [*Advancing with Justin.*] Never mind ; keep a good heart, I tell you—a fig for them.

Hub. (c.) Stay, who have we here ?

Mar. (c.) Two pretty lads, I declare.

Lub. (R. c.) How one blubbers, whilst t'other is as blithe as a lark.

Jus. (L.) [*Crying.*] Oh, Paul ! what will become of us ?—I'm quite in despair.

Paul. (L. c.) What signifies snivelling ? Bad luck now—better another time. See, here are some good-natured-looking souls already : they'll give us a little refreshment, I'll warrant 'em—won't you, kind gentlefolks ?

[*Bowing.*

Hub. Who are you, my young friends ?

Jus. Sir, we are—we are—[*Sobbing.*] Oh, dear ! I can't tell for the life of me—oh, dear !

Paul. [*Putting him out of the way.*] Do stand aside, and while I speak you may cry in a corner.

Lub. If you hav'nt a handkerchief to wipe your eyes, I'll lend you mine.

Paul. [*To Hubert.*] We are two poor unfortunate lads, sir ; one of us is apt to whimper a bit, but you'll find me a tolerable tough one.

Mar. What are your names, children ?

Paul. My name is Paul, madam, and my brother's name is——

Jus. [*Coming forward, sobbing.*] Ju—u—ustin—Justin, madam.

Lub. Don't cry any more ; don't, little Justin.

Hub. Where do you come from ?

Paul. We come just now from that great ugly castle, at the end of your village ; don't be affronted, sir,—your village is a mighty pretty village, but your castle there is as black as the devil on the outside, that's the truth on't.

Hub. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid there's a great deal more of the devil within.

Jus. We rang at the gate in hopes of getting in, sir, for we are a little tired.

Paul. And a grumpy old fellow, sir, came out, and did so abuse us, just as if we had been a couple of thieves.

Jus. If we hadn't run away, brother, I do think he would have beat us.

Paul. Beat us—I should like to have seen that, though—hang me if I wouldn't have given him such a—

Mar. [*To Hubert.*] Sure as can be, they mean that out

landish porter, my lady's steward, that was hired about a month ago.

Hub. [*Aside.*] And who, being deaf, can't betray secrets he never hears. [*To Paul and Justin.*] What country do you come from, my lads?

Jus. From a long, long way, indeed, sir.

Paul. From near Berne, sir, in Switzerland.

Jus. And we have been travelling on foot, sir, above a month.

Lub. Lauk! how they must want to sit down.

Hub. What is your father?

Paul. We can't remember him, sir.

Lub. Ah! there are many little boys who know nothing about their fathers.

Hub. Your mother, then—how came you to leave her?

Jus. Oh! we never could have left mother!

Mur. How then, children?

Jus. Our dear mother—she—she——

Paul. [*Much affected.*] She left us—oh, Justin!

[*Embracing him.*]

Hub. [*Affected.*] Poor lads!

Paul. You shall hear part of our story, sir, as Justin sings it when we travel along, at the rich folks' gates, sir. Come, Justin.

[*Crosses to Hubert.*]

SONG—JUSTIN.

'Twas near a lake, within whose wave,
When summer smil'd, we us'd to lave,
'Midst wilds retir'd our poor abode,
Which errant feet but seldom trode;
The goatherd was the only guest
That ere our humble pillow press'd;
There first we tasted nature's joys,
Though there, as now, two orphan boys.

As years advanc'd, our mother dear
Would tell her tale with pitying tear—
How, forc'd from kindred, friends, and home,
In foreign climes compell'd to roam—
Our parent dead, the world unkind,—
She sought our cot, to shelter find;
And tears oft from her eyes would flow
When pausing on the tale of woe.

The chamois fleet, for mother's fare,
With daily toil we strove to snare;

The lake its ample tribute paid,
As did the garden to our spade :
But ah ! our cares what woes betide—
Our tender mother droop'd, and died.
We left the vale, scene of our joys,
To wander here—two orphan boys.

Lub. (R.) [*Sobbing.*] Oh, dear !

Hub. Have you no relations left, then ?

Jus. Not one in the world, nor any friend, sir.

Hub. And whither are you going now, my lads ?

Jus. To Marseilles, sir : they say we may find berths on board a ship there, perhaps.

Mar. But you are out of the road, children.

Jus. Yes, ma'am ; for about a league and a half off we were told there was to be a grand feast at Olival, with a fine wedding and a handsome bride.

Lub. And handsome bridegroom ; they said that, didn't they ?

Paul. [*Crossing to L.*] No, sir ; they made no such mistake.

Hub. How old are you, boys

Jus. Paul is a year older than I, sir.

Paul. And I am just turned fourteen, sir.

Lub. Fourteen ! egad ! that's exactly my age.

Hub. How—your age ?

Lub. Yes : I was fourteen, four years ago.

Hub. (c.) Look ye, neighbours, though I have the power in this matter, I shouldn't like to do anything that wouldn't please you all ; but here are two poor lads, come in the nick of time, and in my mind just answering to the first article of the count's intentions ; shall I fix upon these poor little fellows. What say you, neighbours ?

All. Ay, ay, Hubert—ay !

Hub. Then, my lads, there's no travelling for you to Marseilles.

Paul. }

& } No, sir !

Jus. }

Hub. Set your heart at rest, and your limbs, too, for the present, for, from this moment, you are adopted here, taken care of for life, and to be placed in honest employments fitting your station, by the bounty of the lord of the hamlet, the noble Count de Croissy.

Paul. [*Delighted.*] What, we?—Huzza! huzza! buzza!

Jus. For life! oh, dear! oh, dear, sir! oh, brother!

[*They rush alternately into Hubert's arms.*]

Jus. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, dear, good sir!

Paul. [*Kneeling.*] But you ar'nt joking, now, I hope, sir—are you?

Hub. No, no, my lads—[*Raising them.*] but don't thank me; bless the name of the noble founder of the charity.

Lub. I consent; so does the bride and all the villagers: 'tis a fixed thing, be assured.

Hub. I wish your tongue was a fixed thing, with all my heart. But come, this point is settled: lookye, boys, yonder's my cottage; [*Pointing, R.*] go in and put down your bundle; and harkye, you'll find a brown loaf and half a bottle of wine on the table; stay your stomachs, and then return to us.

Paul. Thank you, sir; we're sharp set; we sha'nt be a minute, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt Paul and Justin, into the cottage, R.*]

Hub. Come, my friends, now for a dance, and then to the olive field for the feast. RURAL BALLET.—MUSIC.—*a chair, with a canopy of trellis-work, decorated with flowers and ribbons, is brought on by Peasants, R. U. E., and placed in the centre.*] Now, Lubin—now, Lubin, away with you to church; Marceline and I will follow.

Lub. Well, you won't be long: come, neighbours—come, Louise—you and I must get into the chair, you know; come, mind you don't tremble. [*Helping her into the seat.*] Now, I after you. [*Sits himself.*] Here we are, caged like a couple of Canary birds. Our time's come, so play up, neighbours, and turn us off.

[*Exeunt Lubin and Louise, borne off and followed by Peasants, L. U. E.*]

Re-enter PAUL and JUSTIN, from the cottage, R.

Hub. (C.) Well, my lads, you have stowed all safe?

Paul. (R. C.) Oh, yes, our bundle in a cupboard, the brown bread and wine in our stomachs.

Jus. (R.) There's one thing, though, we forgot to tell, and you have been so kind to us, sir, that it would be a shame to hide anything from you.

Paul. So it would, but what have we forgot to tell? I don't remember anything.

Jus. The little box, brother, that poor mother gave us on her death-bed.

Hub. What's in it, my boys?

Jus. We don't know, sir.

Paul. Show it, brother; mother gave it to Justin to keep, sir, for, though he's the youngest, yet mother always said he was the steady one.

[*Justin takes a small casket from his bosom, and gives it to Hubert.*]

Hub. Curiously bound and sealed. Here's writing; let us see—[*Reads.*] “*To Justin and Paul—Never open this box till Justin has reached his eighteenth year.*”—Very mysterious.

Mur. (L.) I should monstrously like to know what's in it.

Hub. I don't know a woman that wouldn't.

Mur. I hope you have never tried just to peep a little inside, if you could, children?

Hub. Psha! they know nothing of the contents, do you, my lads?

Jus. No, indeed, sir; 'tis three years to come before I shall be eighteen, and neither of us would open the box for all the world, before the time our dear mother has mentioned.

Hub. Did she say anything when she gave it to you?

Jus. [*Affected.*] When she gave it us—oh! we had rather not talk of that.

Hub. Nay, my good fellow, it may be of consequence.

Paul. Well, then, “My dear children,” she said—we were at her bed-side—she was dying—oh!

Hub. Come, cheer up, my good lad.

Paul. “Take this box,” she said, and—[*Roland appears on the bridge, and crosses from R. to L.*] “be sure to keep it safely; the happiness of your lives depends on it; and”—

Jus. Stop, Paul, here's somebody coming.

Enter ROWLAND, L. U. E.

Hub. [*Thrusting the box into his bosom.*] As I suspected, that impertinent steward. [Aside.]

Paul. Who is the gentleman, sir.

Hub. Mr. Rowland, the steward from the castle, who comes, no doubt, with a message from his mistress.

Paul. [*Half aside.*] Od hang that castle! I can't fancy any body that belongs to it.

[*Paul and Justin cross to L. corner in the front.*]

Rol. [*Advancing, R., he glances his eye at the boys, endeavouring to conceal his observation of them from Hubert and Marceline.*] Honest Hubert, good day. Marceline, my ancient dame, I am happy to see you.

[*Hubert and Marceline pay their respects sullenly.*]

Mar. (L. c.) [*Aside.*] He's a black sheep, if ever there was one in a flock.

Rol. (R.) I met the procession in the way to the church, and heard you were following; don't let my presence interrupt you.

Hub. (c.) Your presence, sir, is an honour we didn't look for.

Rol. The sight of so many joyous faces, Master Hubert, cheers my heart, I assure you.

Hub. Then I wonder, sir, you don't cheer your heart a little oftener. [*Aside.*] Mischief's a-foot; he's so devilish civil.

Rol. These are two pretty boys; whose are they, Hubert?

Hub. [*Alarmed.*] They are mine, sir.

Rol. [*With surprise.*] Your's!

Mar. [*Eagerly.*] Yes; and mine, too, sir.

Rol. And your's?—Why, Hubert! Marceline! would you bring scandal on yourselves?

Mar. Scandal! I defy any one to bring scandal on me, sir; they belong to all the hamlet.

Hub. In a word they are orphans, newly arrived on the feast-day, and adopted by me, with the consent of all our neighbours.

Rol. Oh! according to the Count de Croissy's charter.

Hub. Yes; and, according to that charter, they are under my care and protection.

Rol. Certain I am, my good friends, they cannot be under better. How old are you, my lads?

Jus. [*Trembling.*] Paul, do you speak; I am so frightened.

Paul. Frightened! pho! [*Advancing boldly to Roland.*] Sir, I am fifteen; brother was fourteen last Monday.

Rol. Fine little fellows, indeed, of your years. Hubert, why hav'nt you introduced them at the castle?

Paul. [*Pertly.*] Thank you for nothing, sir; but we've had enough of the castle already.

Rol. Are these the same boys, that the porter, as I heard just now, drove away from the castle gate?

Jus. He used us very cruelly indeed, sir.

Rol. Oh! you must not think of that: I have reprimanded him, and you must therefore forgive his arrogance—he is stupid and deaf. Hubert, the Baroness must see them; and to show you, boys, that you have nothing to fear, I will conduct you to her myself.

Hub. [*Aside.*] Oh, the devil!

Rol. You'll be delighted to go, won't you, my lads?

Jus. [*Dejectedly.*] No, thank you, sir.

Paul. Ecod! somehow, I should like to talk to a Baroness, too; I don't think I ever saw one in all my life.

Rol. Come, then, time must not be lost.

Hub. [*Aside.*] I must disguise my fears. [*Aloud.*] I am ready to attend you with them directly.

[*Taking the hands of Paul and Justin.*]

Rol. [*Stopping him.*] Psha! you forget, Hubert, that you are waited for at the church; as soon as her ladyship has seen them, I'll bring them to you in the olive field. Come, my good lads, bid good bye, for a short time, to your protector.

Paul. Good bye, sir,—we sha'nt be long gone.

Jus. [*Embracing Hubert.*] Good bye, kind, worthy sir. [*Going.*] Oh! I had like to have forgot—but the little box, sir.

Hub. [*Aside to Justin.*] The box—hush!

Rol. A box, say you, a box! have they a box, then?

Hub. A pretty casket, a mere toy that—I'm going to lock it up directly.

Jus. Oh, no, no, no, I can't give you that trouble.

Rol. He seems very eager about it—what does it contain?

Hub. As they report, some trifles belonging to their deceased mother.

Rol. Trifling to you, no doubt; to them a treasure—why retain it? Their anxiety to keep it in their own possession is very natural.

Jus. Besides, mother bid us never to part with it.

Hub. [*Giving the casket.*] There then, boy, and mind you do take very great care of it.

Paul. [*To Hubert.*] Oh, dear sir, don't be afraid of the steady one. [*To Roland.*] And now, sir, we are ready to accompany you.

Rol. No doubt but we shall be at the olive-field as soon as you.

Paul.

&

Jus.

} Good bye, kind friend.

Hub. }
 & } Heaven preserve you, my boys—good bye.
Mar. }
 [Music.—*Marceline and Hubert embrace the boys affectionately, Roland takes their hands, they ascend the bridge, L. U. E., cross it, and exeunt, R. U. E., returning salutes with Hubert and Marceline till they disappear.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Court-yard of the Castle of Olival.—Massive gates, C. F., adjoining which, on each side, is a small Dungeon, with a grated window.—An Arbour, L. S. E., with a table and two stools near it.—A large Gate, R. S. E., and a Wall leading from it to the dungeons, R.*

SLOW MUSIC.—*The COUNT DE CROISSY discovered, R. C., seated near the gate, disguised as a porter, with a large bunch of keys suspended to a leather belt.*

Count. [Rising and advancing, c.] Let me not decry the behests of Providence, since its objects are framed for purposes which mortals cannot appreciate; but I have suffered much—ay, in the extreme; and though, like all of heaven's creatures, apt to err, have not, in thought or action, merited so much affliction, toil, and misery, as in its judgment has been my allotted portion. Alas! I dread, my wintry age no friendly sun will cheer; yet will I not breathe forth revenge, but kneel and pray.

[Kneels.—*The castle bell is heard to ring—he retreats hastily to his seat—a horn sounds, and loud knocking without, L.—the count, who affects deafness, continues, regardless of the clamour for admittance, to remain patiently in his seat, leaning on his staff.*

Enter GASPARD, L.

Gas. There he sits, as deaf as a post; nine times out of ten, whoever pulls the bell or blows the horn, I must trudge, for Master Francis, there, never heeds 'em: what a shame for him to be head-porter, with such a sharp fellow as me under him. [The castle bell rings.] Coming! Plague take you! I hear you plain enough. I wish you did, you dunny old blockhead. [Exit at the gate, R. S. E.

Count. [*Rising, and coming forward.*] 'Twas the trampling of horses : had it been the voice of children at the gate, I had been speedy enough to terrify and repulse them, for within these walls infant innocence must not enter now. Oh ! once the lisping village babes flocked playfully about this castle's lord, and clung to him like tendrils round the oak, gracing their support and shelter ; but now——

Gas. [*Without.*] This way.

Count. Hark ! they come. [*Hastily resuming his seat.*]

Re-enter GASPARD, followed by three men, bearing with them bales of goods, amongst whom is GREGOIRE.

Gas. Your horses will be fed, and your caravan put under cover, but you must carry the silk and rich stuffs from Paris to the baroness herself. Come, I'll show you the way. [*Exeunt Gaspard and Porters, L.*]

Gre. [*Going cautiously up to the Count.*] My Lord de Croissy.

Count. [*Starting up.*] Gregoire ! is it you, then, my friend ? Your return from the capital has been prompt. [*Advancing, R.*] My application, then, has failed ?

Gre. No, no, my lord : an emissary announced from the Count de Croissy had not long to wait ; I placed your letter in the minister's hand, and scarce an hour elapsed ere 'twas in that of the sovereign.

Count. What did you verbally explain to the high minister of state ?

Gre. Your being captured at sea by the pirates of Algiers—your twelve years' imprisonment in their dungeons——

Count. Where you endured equal misery, Gregoire—I cannot exactly say shared it, with me, for we were separated and placed in solitary cells.

Gre. Oh, my dear lord, think not of me now.

Count. Proceed, my good fellow.

Gre. I then related our method of escape ; our arrival at your estates as seeming wanderers, both so worn and tattered from captivity that no tenant recognised us—you poorly clad, and with no attendant but myself.

Count. I would you had said friend, rather than attendant.

Gre. My lord, you honour me much : next I touched on what you too soon learnt on our return, your—
[*Hesitates.*] your domestic losses, my lord.

Count. My wife and children! [*Strongly affected.*] But we'll pass over that now, Gregoire—did you mention, too, that I had induced this scoundrel steward, Roland, to employ me as porter at my castle gate.

Gre. I did, my lord.

Count. 'Twas an easy stratagem. A total stranger—a seeming foreigner—apparently deprived of half his faculties, is eagerly received, as a convenient menial, by those who dread observers on their actions.

Gre. Most true, my lord;—and your reason of disguise for fear of the infernal—I mean, my lord, for fear of your niece, the Baroness, who now keeps possession here.

Count. Spare not terms—that wretch deserves the worst. Should I discover myself, my peasantry would rally round me, yet still she holds the castle—'tis stocked with military stores, and filled with new-hired mercenaries of her own; her creatures would endure a siege, and brave the rightful owner.

Gre. All which, in obedience to your instructions, I enlarged upon; pleading present exigency to excuse the personal duty of throwing yourself at the feet of your sovereign.

Count. Thanks, Gregoire: knowing your care, my letter dwelt but lightly on these matters, wishing more to authenticate myself and person, which—

Gre. That letter, with the documents contained in it, most fully established.

Count. You say it reached the king—what is the issue?

Gre. Most favourable to your wishes: troops are marching from the capital, to assert your rights—this night, or by to-morrow's dawn, perhaps, they may arrive;—I have, by artifice, joined myself with three commercial travellers from Paris, to cheer you, my dear lord, with the intelligence.

Count. Meantime, Gregoire, I'm in the baroness's power.

Gre. And must be cautious;—let us break off, my lord—be sure, I shall be hovering near.

Count. Oh, friend! can your fidelity to me be ever repaid?

Gre. You owe me nothing—here is my treasure, [*Putting his hand to his heart.*] and whenever you order me to do you good, you make it overflow. [*Exit, L.*]

Count. When I recover my domains, every tenant's

heart will throb with joy, while mine will be pained with anguish:—there is no apartment in this castle on which I cast my eyes that will not tell me—here all you doted on, once breathed, but breathes no more; here smiled your murdered wife, and here your perished babes climbed your knees.—And oh, desperate fiend! not even spare my little ones—but retribution comes with powerful glow.

Rol. [*Without at the gate, R. S. E.*] My master-key will open it.

Count. The villain Roland, [*Looking out, R.*] and with him the very boys whom I scared this morning from this den of infamy.

Enter ROLAND, PAUL, and JUSTIN, R.

Paul. So, this is the castle; well, it is mighty grand and dismal, to be sure.

Jus. [*To Roland.*] We are soon to go back again, sir, ar'nt we?

Rol. Ay, ay, presently. I am going to inquire of the baroness when it will be her pleasure to receive you. Francis! [*The Count, pretending not to hear him, still walks nearer to the boys.*] Francis! [*Very loud.*]

Paul. [*Running up and bawling to the count.*] Sir, there's Mr. Roland talking to you—can't you hear?

[*The Count turns towards Roland, who looks sternly at him, and makes signs for him to withdraw—the count bows, and retires behind the arbour, L.*]

Rol. Stay where you are, my lads, I shall soon return. [*Exit at the gate, C.*]

Jus. (L.) Why, brother, the old man that drove us from the gate, looked quite good-natured at us just now.

Paul. (L.) Didn't he? so different, I could not help wondering at it!

Jus. And how cross Mr. Roland is to him.

Paul. I suppose that's to show his consequence, because he's the great lady's great man; did you mind him—"Francis." [*Mimicking Roland.*] Lord, 'tis mighty easy to be a great man—'tis only to stamp your foot, be pompous, and pretend to more consequence than you have a right to.

Jus. But, Paul, when this great lady comes, what shall we say to her?

Paul. Why, that puzzles me a bit. Don't you remember that Blaize, the carrier, who used to travel to Ge-

neva, told us, that all your great folks there talk so flourishing—they have always “the honour to see each other,” and hang me, Justin, when the baroness comes, if I don’t try something after that fashion.

Jus. [*Looking out.*] Here she comes, Paul, I declare.

[*Both crossing to R.*

Paul. No!—does she, though? I—I begin to feel myself little a queerish, somehow.

Enter the BARONESS at the castle gate, C.—she looks at the boys, and starts.

Bar. [*Aside, L.*] Those lineaments;—do, then, De Croissy’s sons still live, or has my conscience conjured up a likeness?—[*Aloud, with assumed tranquillity.*] Good day, boys, welcome to the castle.

Paul. [*Aside, R.*] Lord, Justin, she’s very good-natured—I ar’nt frightened at all now—hem! [*Bows.*] Your head gentleman, Mr. Roland, told us that you would be flattered by the honour of a visit from us, and so we flattered ourselves that we shouldn’t do you the honour to refuse you; and—and here we are, madam—speak, Justin, [*Pulling him forward.*] do her ladyship the honour.

Jus. [*Bows, R.C.*] And here we are, ma’am, your honour.

Bar. [*Aside.*] They talk like cottage boys, yet with intelligence that proves a noble origin; and their air, how noble: their countenances seem to say, disperse our dawn of ignorance, that we may shine in kingly courts, two stars of chivalry. [*To the boys.*] Roland informs me you are adopted in Olival by virtue of the established charter.

Boys. [*Bowing.*] Yes, ma’am, your honour.

Bar. Were the noble Count de Croissy here—alas! I fear he lives not! and hourly do I mourn his loss—I think that his unerring judgment would discover in your appearance, my young friends, something above those peasants for whom his bounty was designed.

Paul. I’m sure, ma’am—that is, your honour, you are a monstrous deal too polite.

Bar. Yes, ’tis to me a great pleasure to act—to act, as I suppose he would, were he present: I must therefore supersede the worthy Hubert’s charge, and take you under my own protection.

Paul. Ma’am! your honour!

Jus. Oh, dear lady, indeed we don’t deserve it.

Bar. Oh! I am confident my hopes in you will be

fulfilled; you must receive, through me, my amiable young friends, an education suited to those qualities, with which I perceive partial nature has gifted you.

Paul. } *Apart to each other.* } Why, Justin.

Jus. } } Why, Paul.

Bar. You shall lay aside your coarse apparel, and to-morrow appear in habits proper for the condition in which I mean to place you.

Jus. What, what can we say, madam, your honour?

Paul. Say?—Thank you, thank you, dear madam. From this minute, Justin, you and I are two little gentlemen.

[Embraces Justin with all the riotous happiness of a boy, till the box falls from Justin's bosom.]

Re-enter ROLAND at the gate, C.

Rol. *[Observing the box and speaking rapidly to the Baroness.]* Quick, secure the casket—'tis that I told you of.

[The Baroness eagerly takes it up.]

Jus. See now, Paul, what have you done! I'm sorry you should have stooped for it, madam.

Bar. *[Retaining the box.]* That hand, so prettily held forth, must not be drawn back empty; here, here, is money for you both. *[Putting a purse into Justin's hand.]* Roland will accompany you to-morrow to the adjacent town, where you will buy whatever trinkets you may fancy.

Paul. A purse of money! Oh, your honour.

Jus. Thank you, good madam, but the box is—

Rol. *[Crossing and interrupting him.]* Shouldn't you like, now, to see the castle gardens? They are so beautiful.

Paul. Are they?—I should like it of all things.

Jus. *[Apart.]* But the box, you know, Paul.

Paul. Pooh! Do you think such a grand lady as that wants to cheat us? We shall be back directly.

Jus. So we shall, that's certain. Well, sir, then—

Rol. Yonder is your way, boys, *[Pointing to the right.]* you cannot miss it.

Paul. Come, Justin.

[Exeunt Paul and Justin, R.—Roland looks after them till they are out of sight—he then turns round eagerly, to address the Baroness.]

Enter the COUNT DE CROISSY, L.—he paces the court-yard to and fro, eagerly watching during their conversation.

Rol. That casket quiets or confirms our present fears.

Bar. [*Reading the superscription.*] “Never open this box till Justin has reached his eighteenth year.”

Rol. Let me inspect it, madam.

[*Receiving it.*

Count [*Aside.*] What can this mean?

Bar. May we not be observed?

[*Roland and Baroness glance their eyes, R.—the Count, who is behind them unseen, crosses to L.*

Rol. No: I have permitted the domestics to attend the festival; no soul remains within the castle but your own guard, who are all upon the posts, excepting Francis, and he is deaf and superannuated.

[*Untwists the binding and breaks the seal of the box*

Bar. Be expeditious, then.

Rol. [*Taking two portraits out of the box.*] Confusion!—The portraits of the Count de Croissy and Adeline, his wife! These brats, then, must be theirs.

Count. [*Aside, clasping his hands in violent agitation.*] Oh, heavens! My own children!

[*The Baroness and Roland start and turn round—the Count resumes his walk in seeming inattention.*

Rol. [*With a menacing tone, and waving his hand.*] Fellow, begone!

[*The Count retires, L.*

Bar. May not that man be dangerous—he is eternally pressing upon our footsteps!

Rol. [*Busied in searching the casket.*] Merely the old fool's zeal.—Stay, here's a letter. [*The Count returns unperceived.*] 'Tis written, as the date instructs, twelve years ago, and signed Balthiste! Our suspicions were too true: that gray adherent to De Croissy did save the urchins, and secretly conveyed them from us, when we hoped that they had perished.

Bar. Read—read.

[*The Count peeps on at intervals, eagerly listening.*

Rol. [*Reads.*] “Dearest sister—I write this letter on my death-bed, by a proved friend, who will recount to you a story of wretchedness and horror. I send to you, my dear Lord, the Count de Croissy's two darling sons, whom their intentional murderers think dead, and whom, thank heaven, I have saved; Armond and Raymond are their names, but for caution's sake, let them be called Paul and Justin. Disclose not to them their high parentage till riper years have given them prudence and power to assert their birthrights.” That they shall never do.

Bar. [*Terrified.*] They will, and that disclosure—

Rol. Madam, dismiss your fears, let me finish—“Poor as you are, shelter them as your own; and should you, my sister,

die, while they are boys, then may the Almighty Providence watch over them." They shall not again escape—now their certain death must be our sure and only pledge of safety.

Bar. Death! Is there no other way? Oh, my heart sickens at means which we have tried too much already.

Rol. Madam, madam, would you abide in fear for ever? The breath of these two boys is like the glaive of justice hanging above our heads, suspended by a hair. While they exist, you yourself, each moment, are in danger of dying, and dying infamously.

Bar. They are so interesting—could you use violence?

Count. [*Aside.*] You shall not, while this arm has power for their defence.

Bar. Beware! [*To Roland.*] They are now the adopted of the village, and their sudden disappearance would create suspicions that——

Rol. Hush all those alarms—no suddenness, no violence, good lady—a subtle and slow poison—I have it in my apartment.

Count. [*Aside.*] Horrible villain!

Rol. They come.

Bar. I scarce dare look upon them.

Re enter JUSTIN and PAUL, at the gate, R. S. E.

Paul. Well, of all the fine gardens I ever saw, that is the finest—there's fountains, statues, and grottos. What's that stout marble man with a broad-sword in his hand, sir, at the end of the great walk?

Rol. Oh! a gladiator. But, after your ramble, I suppose you will be glad of some refreshment?

Paul. Yes, if you please, sir.

Jus. But we promised Mr. Hubert to be back soon, brother, and we must keep our word.

Rol. Yes, yes—a slight repast first; and shouldn't you like it in that pretty arbour? [*Calling.*] Here, Francis.

Enter THE COUNT at the gate, C. F.—Roland motions to bring refreshments into the arbour—the Count retires to obey him.

Paul. This will be a nice place, Justin, won't it? I like it mightily.

Jus. Very; and, to say the truth, I'm very hungry.

Rol. [*Apart, and going.*] Most opportunely.

Bar. Stay, Roland, whither are you going.

Rol. Only to bring them something, madam, as a slight addition to their meal. [*The Baroness catches him by the hand,*

and by action and countenance supplicates him to spare them.]
It must be so. [Disengaging himself—exit hastily, R.]

Jus. Only see, Paul, how she looks. Ar'nt you well, madam?

Bar. [Trying to collect herself.] Yes—yes, boys.

Paul. (L.) I'm very glad of that, madam; to be sure, you can have nothing to make you uneasy, because you are so rich.

Bar. (R.) Do riches always ease the mind?

Paul. Yes, rich folks must always be happy, for they can make every body else so.

Jus. (C.) And if we were rich, we would try to be as good as you, madam, and do no harm to any body.

Bar. [Aside.] Their artless observations torture me.

Paul. [Looking out.] Oh, here comes Mr. Francis.

Jus. Then you and I, brother, must assist him.

[The Count enters from back, with a small tray of refreshments and a basket with two partitions, in one of which is a bottle of wine—they set the basket on the ground with the wine in the partition nearest to the arbour—he looks anxiously at the boys and retires up, R.]

Paul. Now, Justin, here's the napkin; you spread it, and—what a nice cold fowl. Oh, we shall relish this.

Jus. There, now it's all snug, and the bottle of wine.—Thank you, Mr. Francis.

Paul. Now then—[They sit.] I'll carve, I'm sharp set, and we shall be so comfortable.

Bar. [Aside, and looking out.] Roland returns, and brings with him the fatal means of death.

Re-enter ROLAND, R., with a bottle.

Rol. [Aside.] This will lull our fears to rest, and render their sleep eternal.

Paul. Mr. Roland, what, have you brought us more wine? Only see here, here's a whole bottle already.

Rol. [Affecting surprise.] I knew not that, but this is very choice. Come, then, there's good fellowship in exchange; you, my young friends, shall drink of mine, and I of yours.

Count. [Aside, L. U. E.] Monster!

Jus. Thank you, sir; it shall be just as you please.

[Roland places the bottle in the empty partition, near the boys, the Count watching him closely.]

Rol. [Aside, L. C.] So that nearest them is their por-

tion. [*To the boys.*] Now, eat on, and when you are thirsty, we will drink a health to the worthy Baroness.

Paul. We must eat a little more before we drink, sir.
[*Roland remains near the basket, which aggravates the distress of the Count.*]

Bar. (R.) I cannot bear to look upon them—no, it ust not, shall not be.

Rol. [Running hastily to the Baroness.] Stay, stay, I entreat you, madam.

[*While Roland crosses to the Baroness, the Count softly approaches the basket and turns it.*]

Rol. [Apart to Baroness, and taking her hand.] We're partners in our fears, madam—we must be partners, too, in the action that removes them.

Bar. I cannot, my heart revolts—[*Breaking from him.*] let me go hence. [*Exit, greatly agitated, at the gates, C. F.*]

Jus. [Looking up.] What, is the Baroness gone, Mr. Roland.

Rol. She will soon return. In the meantime we will drink her health.

Jus. If you please, sir.

Paul. Ay, with all my heart; I should like to drink something nice, now.

Rol. Come, then, we are to exchange, you know; this nearest the harbour is your bottle, [*Filling their glasses.*] and this mine. [*Filling out of the other bottle.*]

Jus. What bumpers! lord, sir, we shall be fuddled.

Paul. Never mind that, brother; 'tis good stuff, I'll be bound.

Rol. Yes, yes; in my mind 'tis all that can be wished for. Health and happiness to the Baroness.

[*Roland and the boys drink.*]

Count. [Aside, raising his eyes and hands to heaven.] Merciful Providence! Thus may each remorseless villain meet his doom!

Rol. [Aside.] That draught secures us, and insures their fate.

Paul. [Rising.] There, we have had quite enough.

Jus. [Rising.] And now, sir, if you please, we'll go back, to keep our promise with Mr. Hubert.

Rol. (R.) Oh, there is no hurry--none in the least.

Paul. No hurry?—Why, you told him you would bring us back almost directly.

Rol. Oh! I might have said so; but the Baroness

has changed her mind: 'tis her order that you pass the night in the castle.

Paul. (c.) Pho! pho! the Baroness has been very good to us, to be sure; but then a promise is a promise, all the world over, and go we must and will; so now that's flat—so you may tell her honour.

Jus. [Going, L. C.] Come, brother.

Rol. (R.) [Sternly.] Stir not, at your peril.

Paul. Peril! hoity toity! and who are you, pray?—If your mistress was here, she wouldn't use us so, Mr. Bantam.

Jus. No, good lady, that she wouldn't; but don't be so furious, Paul, you frighten me so.

Paul. You are always frightened; I tell you, we will go; we have a right, and pray, who's to hinder us?—We shall walk by ourselves, for we don't want your company, Mr. Bantam. Come along, Justin.

Rol. [Stopping them.] How, urchins? are you mutinous? [Aside.] This will give colour to the peasants for their retention, and 'twere best they languished here. [To Paul.] You would go, then?

Paul. Would! we will, and by ourselves, too.

Rol. Whither you now go, you must be accompanied. What, ho! the Castle Guard.

Jus. Oh, dear, Paul! I'm frightened out of my wits.

Paul. [Snapping his finger.] I don't care that for him. I'll complain to her honour.

Enter the CASTLE GUARD, at the gates, C. F.

Rol. Seize these young mutineers, and place them separately in close confinement; this in the square tower, and that in the dungeon beneath the terrace.

Jus. [Terrified.] Oh, dear! what will become of us? Oh! where's her honour?

Paul. Touch us at your peril! I'll raise the village—I'll tell the Baroness, I'll—

Rol. Away with them.

[MUSIC.—The Guards seize them—Roland, by action, sternly orders the Count to open the doors of their prison—the Count obeys—Paul struggles and exclaims violently—Roland motions the Count, who retires behind the arbour, L.—Paul is forced into the dungeon, R., and Justin into the one, L.]

Rol. [To the Guard.] Retire. [Exeunt all the Guards but one, at the gates, C. F.] Remain you here—conceal your-

self from their sight—but should they converse, and utter aught you think should be communicated, bring me word forthwith : be vigilant.

[Exit at the gates, C. F.—the Guard paces backward and forward in the front.]

Paul. [At the dungeon window, R.] Justin, brother Justin, don't you hear me?

Jus. [At the dungeon gate, L.] Yes, Paul, but I don't see you. Oh! we shall never see each other again.

Paul. Isn't that Roland a great rascal?

Jus. A sad wicked man, indeed. Old Francis, that we thought a savage, wouldn't have used us so.

Paul. That he wouldn't; 'twas only out of kindness that he first frightened us away from this devil of a castle.

Jus. Did you see how sorry he was when we were locked up?

Paul. He'd have prevented it if he could, and I hope he will be able to help us out.

Guard. [Aside.] So, then, Francis is their friend;—the steward must know this immediately

[Exit at the gates, C. F.]

Re-enter the COUNT, cautiously, L., who crosses to Paul's dungeon, R.

Paul. How do you like your room, Justin?—Is it as prettily furnished as mine?—Hark, somebody opens my door.

Jus. Our guard; then I'll retire.

[Retires from the gate—the Count unlocks Paul's dungeon.]

Paul. [Seeing the Count.] Ha, Francis! good old soul, I thought so; I'll come.

Re-enter PAUL from the dungeon—he is about to express his gratitude aloud, when the Count puts his finger on his lips, and having shut the door, embraces him, and leads him to the other dungeon door, which he throws open—re-enter JUSTIN, from the dungeon, L.

Paul. Justin.

Jus. [Embracing.] Brother!

Paul. Dear Francis.

Jus. Dear good old man.

[The Count stands behind, and throws his arm over their necks as they embrace.]

Count. Silence ! fly—lose not a moment.

Paul. Why, he hears as clearly now as—

Count. [*In a hurried manner.*] All will be soon explained ; take these pistols—they are charged—and here, here is the key.

Jus. Of what ?

Count. The castle gate, yonder ; you know the way already. [*Trying to detach the key from his girdle.*] I must not now accompany you : 'sdeath ! I cannot disengage it. [*Noise of persons advancing.*] Ah ! some one comes—we are lost. Quick ! quick ! conceal yourselves in your dungeon.

Jus. But the key.

Count. I will return, and give it you.

[*They retire into the dungeons, closing the doors—the Count, who is about to withdraw, is met by Roland and the Guard.*]

Rol. [*To the Count.*] Why do you loiter here ?—Give me your keys ; [*Examines them.*] so they are all here. [*To the Guard.*] Henceforward let the care of these be yours. [*To the Count.*] Away from this spot ; to-morrow you shall hear from me. [*Exit Count at the gate, C. F.*] Send hither a sentinel ; be speedy in obedience.

[*Exit Guard at the gate, C. F.*]

Jus. [*Aside, from the dungeon.*] We shall never get away.

Paul. [*Aside, from the dungeon.*] Hush !

Rol. 'Spite of this man's story, I scarcely think that Francis can feel interested for these boys ; however, suspicion is excited, and 'tis proper he should be taken care of.

Enter a SENTINEL, at the gates, C. F.

Rol. Oh, the sentinel ; do you remain here ; be careful ; should your prisoners attempt to escape, give the alarm by firing your carbine.

Jus. [*Whispering to Paul.*] He has a carbine.

Rol. Look out from time to time upon the rampart wall.

Paul. [*Whispering to Justin.*] Do you mark, upon the rampart.

Rol. There, at the top, opposite you.

Paul. At the top opposite ?

Rol. And be sure keep a strict eye upon the breach.

[*Exit at the gates, C. F.*]

Paul. [*Exultingly.*] There is a breach, then ?

Jus. Hush, brother, for the sake of heaven.

[*The Sentinel paces backward and forward in the front.*]

Jus. What's to be done?

Paul. Run away.

Jus. But the sentinel has a carbine.

Paul. We must get it from him. Listen—you must—go—hush! he's here. [*They steal softly from the dungeon.*]

Paul. [*Giving a pistol to Justin.*] Take this.

MUSIC.—*Enter the COUNT, cautiously, at the gate, c. f., unperceived by the Sentinel—he attacks him—obtains his carbine—throws him down, and points the piece at his breast.*

Count. [*To Paul and Justin.*] Now save yourselves—fly to Hubert's—there we shall meet again.

Paul }

&

Jus. }

Heaven bless you, good old man.

[*Exeunt Paul and Justin, climbing over the wall, R.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Wood, near the Castle of Olival.

Enter GREGOIRE, R. S. E.

Gre. I have lurked around the castle till the sun has nearly sunk, and still there is no appearance of the troops to rescue and avenge the Count de Croissy. [*A noise of footsteps is heard.*] Who are these?—I must not be observed. [*Retires a few paces.*]

Enter JUSTIN and PAUL, L.

Paul. What a scamper! I'm out of breath. At last we're at liberty.

Jus. Thank heaven and the good old man! But at every step I fear we may be re-taken.

Paul. If we are stopped, we must fight, and we have arms. I hope this way will lead us to Mr. Hubert's—let us but get to him, and—[*Sees Gregoire.*] Who's there? [*Levels his pistol.*] Speak, or you're as dead as a door-nail.

Gre. [*Coming forward, R.*] Why, youngsters, would you fire upon a stranger?

Paul. (L.) We are strangers, too, just come from Switzerland. Are you friend or foe?

Gre. Friend—always to the innocent; and you are too young, I think, to practise wickedness.

Paul. We have seen so much wickedness in the castle there, from which we have just escaped, that we fancy every body an enemy.

Gre. Escaped, and from the castle!

Jus. We shouldn't have got out, but for a good old man, sir—he's the porter.

Gre. [*Aside.*] They must mean the Count de Croissy; what can have passed?

Jus. The steward first coaxed us in.

Paul. Yes, like a wheedling rascal as he is.

Jus. Then they made much of us, and treated us, and——

Paul. Then locked us up in separate dungeons.

Jus. And there we must have stayed and died, if Mr. Francis hadn't helped us to get away; I'm sure he has behaved to us like a father.

Gre. [*Aside.*] A father! How came you in this country?

Jus. We were travelling, and as we came into the hamlet this morning, Mr. Hubert adopted us as orphans, under the Count de Croissy's charter.

Gre. Hubert—did he?—Hubert is a worthy fellow.

Paul. Then you know Mr. Hubert, sir?

Gre. Yes, I—no, that is, I—I have heard he bears an excellent character; I'll conduct you to him, towards the olive field.

Jus. Are you acquainted with the path, sir?

Gre. Yes, yes, perfectly. Come, let me conduct you into safety.

Paul. [*Aside to Justin.*] I hardly know what to make of him. [*To Gregoire.*] Lookye, sir,—first you know Mr. Hubert, and then you don't know him; then you are a stranger, and then you know every inch of the road—so hang me if I like to trust you.

Gre. [*Going, R.*] Come, repose your confidence in me.

Paul. [*To Gregoire.*] Why, sir, as we can't do better, and 'tis just night—we'll follow you. [*Aside to Justin.*] Come, brother, I am arm'd, and if our conductor turns out an impostor, he shall have a pair of balls for his deceit.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Olive Field and Garden—a rural fête—HUBERT and MARCELINE discovered sitting at a table, spread with fruit, &c.—the Villagers finishing a dance.*

Lub. [*On one leg, turning a perouette.*] If this isn't an elegant attitude, I should like to know what is—attitude's every thing.

Lou. Oh, beautiful!

[*The dancers separate, the men conducting the females to take refreshments, which are placed on tables.*]

Lub. [*To Louise.*] Now, which would you choose—a pipkin, or a glass of brandy?

Mar. [*To Hubert.*] Don't let them see you so uneasy.

Hub. [*To Marceline.*] If the boys don't return in ten minutes, I'll proceed to the castle as their guardian, with a posse of neighbours, and claim them. Hark! isn't that?—[*Starting up.*] Yes, they come.

Enter PAUL and JUSTIN, R., exhausted with fatigue and alarm—they run to Hubert—the Peasants flock around them.

Paul }
 & } Oh, Mr. Hubert! oh! oh! oh dear, oh!
Jus. }

Hub. What has terrified you so?—Pistols! what has been the matter?—Prithee, what has occurred?

Paul. That steward is the greatest scoundrel—that Roland—

Hub. Roland! I always thought so; and to-morrow, when I see this steward—

Rol. [*Without.*] This way; follow me quickly; they must be here.

Jus. [*Clinging to Hubert.*] Pray, dear Mr. Hubert, protect us.

Hub. Never fear—let him touch you at his peril—I'll teach him what honour is.

Enter ROLAND, R. S. E., with a body of the castle guard.

Rol. It pains me, honest friends, to cast a gloom on your festivity; but, by the Baroness's order, I now appear, to claim two culprits who have grossly wronged her.

Hub. You will find, I think, sir, no culprits here; however, if we have criminals among us, the Baroness will vouchsafe to let us know their crime.

Rol. (c.) Those vagrant lads, whom the ardour of your benevolence, good Hubert, has too rashly patronized ;—'tis shocking to see so much depravity in youth.

Hub. (L. c.) [*With pointed contempt.*] Sir, on the domain of so good a master as the late noble resident here, 'tis shocking to find depravity any where.

Rol. [*Disconcerted.*] Certainly ; but you will find on them a purse.

Mar. This moment, as they came back, they told us the Baroness had given them money ; didn't they, neighbours ?

Hub. They did ; and if the charge rests only on this presumptive proof, let it never be said, in any civilized country, that the dispensations of the affluent to orphan poverty are so rare as to throw a suspicion of theft on the receivers.

Jus. (L.) Here's the purse, sir ; [*Giving it to Hubert.*] he knows very well that her honour, the great lady at the castle, gave it us with her own hands, for he saw her : we have never opened it yet.

Rol. [*To Hubert.*] Think you the Baroness would lavish, at first sight, so large a sum on boys to whom, this morning, a few doits appeared a treasure ?—'Tis not possible.

Jus. Possible or not, we will go back with you, now ! Our characters for honesty are dearer than life ; 'twas all our dear mother had to leave us.

Paul. Ay ; and for her sake we'll preserve it. [*Embracing Justin.*] Come, we are ready.

Hub. Brave, good boys, and if they don't prove honest—

Mar. I'll be hanged.

Lub. And I'll be d——d.

[*Hubert puts his hand before Lubin's mouth.*]

Hub. This time, however, I insist upon going with them [*Hubert takes the hands of Paul and Justin, and follows Roland, who is going off, C.F.—Martial Music heard without—a pause.*]

Enter GREGOIRE and Soldiers, R. S. E.

Rol. [*To Gregoire.*] Whose troops are these ?

Gre. [*Advancing, c.*] The king's, to whom in obedience you must submit.

Rol. (R. c.) Are you their leader ?

Gre. Ay, good Mr. Roland, deign to remember me ; cast your eyes upon a humble follower of the Count de

Croissy : one who has been somewhat more faithful to him than you have proved.

Rol. The noble Baroness now inherits my ever faithful service. The master whom I was once proud to serve, is——

Enter the COUNT DE CROISSY, C.F.—the Count comes forward, and, throwing aside his former dress, appears in a splendid military uniform.

Count. Here, wretch ! [*To Roland.*] This disguise, which I now throw aside, informs thee I know all thy infamy. Come, come, my children, to my arms ! [*Holding them in his arms.*] Come, embrace your father.

Rol. [*Aside.*] Exposed ! then I must brave it well. [*To the Count.*] Embrace them, count, you will not long enjoy that blessing ; a subtle poison is now running through——

Count. Thy veins, not theirs ! Thank heaven, I have preserved my sons. Your accomplice—I blush to call my relative—she is secured. [*To the Guards.*] Convey him to confinement : he who composed the hellish drug, best knows how long he has to linger, or what his torments may be.

[*Exeunt Roland, guarded, R.*]

Count. My friends of Olival !

Hub. [*Kneeling.*] Welcome, dear master.

[*Loud shouts of Peasantry.*]

Count. Gregoire—Hubert—I owe ye much : a parent's thanks are due to you, and to each and all who have afforded their protection to "THE WANDERING BOYS."

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Villagers.

Villagers.

Villagers.

GRE. HUB. MAR. PAUL. COUNT. JUSTIN. LOUISE. LUBIN

R.]

[L.]

THE END.

BROUGHAM'S DRAMATIC WORKS:

CONSISTING OF A COLLECTION OF

DRAMAS, COMEDIES AND FARCES,

BY JOHN BROUGHAM

SELECTED FROM

FRENCH'S AMERICAN DRAMA.

WITH PORTRAIT ON STEEL ; AND MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, ESQ.

VOL. I. CONTAINS:

GAME OF LIFE.

LOVE AND MURDER,

DAVID COPPERFIELD,

TEMPTATION,

GAME OF LOVE.

POCAHONTAS,

DOMBEY AND SON,

ROMANCE AND REALITY

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH

No. 122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

MASSEY'S

EXHIBITION RECITER

AND

DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENTS,

being choice recitations in prose and verse, together with an unique collection of

PETITE COMEDIES, DRAMAS AND FARCES,
ADAPTED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES,
BY CHARLES MASSEY,

Professor of Elocution at Burlington College, N. J., and Mechanics' Society School, N. Y.

No. 1 CONTAINS,

Jay Fawkes, an "Historical Drama."
The Man With the Carpet Bag, "Farce."
White Horse of the Peppers, "Comic Drama."
Mesmerism, "Petite Comedy,"
And Twelve selected pieces.

No. 2 CONTAINS,

Love and Jealousy, "Tragedy."
The Irish Tutor, "Farce."
Bombastes Furioso, "Burlesque Opera."
Sylvester Daggerwood, "Comic Interlude."
School for Orators. "Original Comedy,"
And Eighteen selected pieces.

Price per Number, Paper Covers, 25 Cents each.

The Two Numbers, bound in Cloth, school style, 60 Cents.

Notwithstanding the great number of voluminous school readers, and speakers, that have already been published, there still exists a want, which is felt by all who delight in the practice of recitation, viz : a collection of humorous and pathetic pieces, in prose and verse, *exactly suitable* for school exhibitions, and social entertainment ; this want has compelled the compiler, during a long course of teaching, to devote considerable time in gleaning from innumerable sources, for the especial use of his own pupils, such pieces as are best calculated to please both the reciter and the audience ; and he believes that the result of his labor will be acceptable to those who wish to practice the important art of elocution, either for amusement or emolument. The dramatic pieces will be found quite an original feature, inasmuch as they are not mere extracts, or mutilated scenes ; but although in some instances, considerably altered from the originals, they still retain an entire plot, and all the wit and humor that could consistently be preserved ; and are arranged, and adapted especially for juvenile representation—everything objectionable has been carefully expunged, and they have in their *present form* received the unqualified approbation of numerous intellectual and select audiences, before whom they have been presented by the pupils of the adapter.—*Extract from the Author's Preface*

S. FRENCH,

Publisher, 121 Nassau-street, New York.

IVESON & PHINNEY,

321 Broadway, New York.

S. C. GRIGGS & CO.,

Chicago, Ill.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Best Magazine in the World

THE
New York Journal
OF
ROMANCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

Having purchased the well known NEW YORK JOURNAL, the proprietor will CONTINUE IT PERMANENTLY, and will hereafter issue with such a liberal regard to its improvement in every branch of LITERATURE and ILLUSTRATION, as shall make it unsurpassed, in point of ATTRACTIVENESS and REAL VALUE, by any other Journal or Magazine. THE NEW YORK JOURNAL WILL APPEAR PUNCTUALLY!

In size, a large quarto, each number will contain sixty-four pages, three columns wide. Its contents will embrace subjects selected and arranged so as to give, in the most agreeable manner, authentic INFORMATION and AMUSEMENT to every one.

The Journal will have ONE NEW and INTERESTING NOVEL, continued from number to number, alone worth the price of subscription; besides numerous TALES, ROMANCES, STORIES and POETRY.

In the DRAMA, the proprietor presents a most agreeable feature, which does not exist in any other Journal, viz.: that of publishing in its columns an ENTIRE ACTING PLAY. The plays will be carefully and judiciously selected, offering what may be made use of, with little tact in adaptation, as a very Pleasing and Instructive PARLOIR ENTERTAINMENT.

Improvements in AGRICULTURE, GARDENING, the Rearing of Domestic Poultry, etc., will be drawn from all reliable sources.

This Journal will aim at instructive "HINTS for HOME LIFE" addressed to the Ladies, on Health and Diet, Household Affairs, Mother's Cares, Personal Accomplishments, etc. PATTERNS for useful NEEDLEWORK, and HINTS on the ART of DRESS will be accompanied by a description of a choice of the FASHIONS, with illustrations.

SPORTS of the SEASON, illustrated, suited to Children and Young People, in doors and out of doors; and such matters as have a happy influence on their health and intelligence.

Comicalities, Humorous Sayings, Anecdotes, and "Good Things," will lighten the more solid matter.

TERMS:—Published Monthly, Price, 18½ cts. each number; \$1 per volume, or \$2 per year. PRICE TO CLUBS, four copies, \$7; six copies, \$10; 10 copies, \$16, invariably in advance.

S. FRENCH, PUBLISHER, 122 Nassau St.,

*** For sale at periodical depots, everywhere. (Up Stairs.)

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 004181241